To Miss Katherine Seymour Parsons

HORATIO PARKER

Op. 76

ALICE BRAND

CANTATA

FOR
THREE-PART CHORUS OF WOMEN'S VOICES
WITH
SOLOS AND PIANO ACCOMPANIMENT

POEM BY
SIR WALTER SCOTT

Vocal Score, 40 cents *net*

Book of Words, $2.00 a Hundred

NET PRICE NO DISCOUNT

G. SCHIRMER
NEW YORK : 3 EAST 43d ST. · LONDON, W. : 18, BERNERS ST.
BOSTON · THE BOSTON MUSIC CO.

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ALICE BRAND

(Sir Walter Scott)

Merry it is in the good greenwood,
When the mavis and merle are singing,
When the deer sweeps by, and the hounds are in cry,
And the hunter's horn is ringing.

O Alice Brand, my native land
Is lost for love of you;
And we must hold by wood and wold,
As outlaws wont to do.

O Alice, 'twas all for thy locks so bright,
And 'twas all for thine eyes so blue,
That on the night of our luckless flight
Thy brother bold I slew.

Now I must teach to hew the beech
The hand that held the glaive,
For leaves to spread our lowly bed,
And stakes to fence our cave.

And for vest of pall, thy fingers small,
That wont on harp to stray,
A cloak must shear from the slaughtered deer,
To keep the cold away.

O Richard! if my brother died,
'Twas but a fatal chance;
For darkling was the battle tried,
And fortune sped the lance.

If pall and vair no more I wear,
Nor thou the crimson sheen,
As warm, we'll say, is the russet gray,
As gay the forest-green.

And, Richard, if our lot be hard,
And lost thy native land,
Still Alice has her own Richard,
And he his Alice Brand.

'Tis merry, 'tis merry, in good greenwood;
So blithe Lady Alice is singing;
On the beech's pride, and oak's brown side,
Lord Richard's axe is ringing.

Up spoke the moody Elfin King,
Who woned within the hill,—
Like wind in the porch of a ruin'd church,
His voice was ghostly shrill.

Why sounds yon stroke on beech and oak,
Our moonlight circle's screen?
Or who comes here to chase the deer,
Beloved of our Elfin Queen?
Or who may dare on wold to wear
The fairies' fatal green?

Up, Urgan, up! to yon mortal hie,
For thou wert christened man;
For cross or sign thou wilt not fly,
For muttered word or ban.

Lay on him the curse of the withered heart.
The curse of the sleepless eye;
Till he wish and pray that his life would part,
Nor yet find leave to die.

'Tis merry, 'tis merry, in good greenwood,
Though the birds have stilled their singing;
The evening blaze doth Alice raise,
And Richard is fagots bringing.

Up Urgan starts, that hideous dwarf,
Before Lord Richard stands,
And, as he crossed and blessed himself,
I fear not sign, quoth the grisly elf,
That is made with bloody hands.

But out then spoke she, Alice Brand,
That woman void of fear,—
And if there's blood upon his hand,
'Tis but the blood of deer.

Now loud thou liest, thou bold of mood!
It cleaves unto his hand,
The stain of thine own kindly blood,
The blood of Ethert Brand.

Then forward stepped she, Alice Brand,
And made the holy sign,—
And if there's blood on Richard's hand,
A spotless hand is mine.

And I conjure thee, demon elf,
By Him whom demons fear,
To show us whence thou art thyself,
And what thine errand here.

'Tis merry, 'tis merry, in Fairy-land,
  Where fairy birds are singing,
When the court doth ride by their monarch's side,
  With bit and bridle ringing:

And gaily shines the Fairy-land—
  But all is glistening show,
Like the idle dream that December's beam
  Can dart on ice and snow.

And fading, like that varied gleam,
  Is our inconstant shape,
Who now like knight and lady seem,
  And now like dwarf and ape.

It was between the night and the day,
  When the Fairy King had power,
That I sunk down in a sinful fray,
And 'twixt life and death was snatched away
  To the joyless Elfin bower.

But wist I of a woman bold,
  Who thrice my brow durst sign,
I might regain my mortal mould,
  As fair a form as thine.

She crossed him once, she crossed him twice—
  That lady was so brave;
The fouler grew his goblin hue,
  The darker grew the cave.

She crossed him thrice, that lady bold;
  He rose beneath her hand,
The fairest knight on Scottish mould,
  Her brother, Ethert Brand!

Merry it is in the good greenwood,
  When the mavis and merle are singing,
But merrier were they in Dunfermline gray,
  When all the bells were ringing.

Alice Brand

Cantata

For Three-part Chorus of Women's Voices
with Solos and Piano Accompaniment

Poem by
Sir Walter Scott

Horatio Parker. Op. 76




deer sweeps by, and the hounds are in cry, And the
deer sweeps by, and the hounds are in cry, And the
deer sweeps by, and the hounds are in cry, And the
hunt - er's horn is ring - ing, the hunt - er's horn
hunt - er's horn is ring - ing, the hunt - er's horn, the
hunt - er's horn is ring - ing, the
ff
is ring - ing, ring-ing.
hunt - er's horn is ring - ing, ring-ing.
hunt - er's horn is ring - ing, ring-ing.

Richard (Baritone or Mezzo-Soprano)




pp
— That on the night of our luck - less flight Thy broth-er
pp
bold — I slew.
poco f
O Al - ice
poco f
Brand! —
Now I must teach to
p
hew the beech The hand that held the


glaive, For leaves to spread our low - ly bed, And
3
stakes to fence our cave.
f
And for vest of pall, thy
sfz p
fin - gers small, That wont on harp to
legg.


stray, A
cloak must shear from the slaugh - ter'd deer, To
keep
the cold away.
f
p
f
dim.
mf espress.


Alice (Soprano)
O Richard! if my brother died, 'Twas but a fatal
chance, For dark - ling was the battle tried, And
fortune sped the lance. If
pall and vair no more I wear, Nor thou the crimson sheen, As
warm, we'll say, is the russet gray, As gay the forest green.
pp
Ped.


And, Rich-ard, if our lot be hard, And lost thy na-tive land,
Richard
mf
O Al-ice Brand, my
mf
Ped.
cresc.
Still Al - ice has her own Rich-ard,
cresc.
na-tive land Is lost for love of you; For your locks so bright,
cresc.
3
And he, and he his Al - ice Brand.
più largo
for your eyes so blue, my na-tive land is lost for you, my na-tive land is lost for you.
ff
più largo
a tempo
ff a tempo
6/8


Chorus
SOPRANO I
SOPRANO II
ALTO
'Tis mer-ry, 'tis mer-ry, in good green-wood; So
blithe La-dy Al-ice is sing-ing; On the beech-'s pride, and the
oak's brown side, Lord Rich-ard's axe is ring-ing, Lord Richard's axe is
Lord Rich-ard's axe is
f pesante
f


ringing, ring-ing, ring-ing, ring-ing,
ringing, Lord Rich-ard's axe is ring-ing,
ringing, Lord Rich-ard's axe is ring - ing,
Più mosso
ring - ing. Up spoke the mood - y Elf - in
ring - ing. Up spoke the mood - y Elf - in
ring - ing. Up spoke the mood - y Elf - in
Più mosso
King, Who woned with - in the hill, Like
King, Who woned with - in the hill, Like
King, Who woned with - in the hill, Like


wind in the porch of a ru - - in'd
wind in the porch of a ru - - in'd
wind in the porch of a ru - - in'd
f
church, His voice was ghost - - - ly
church, His voice was ghost - - - ly
church, His voice was ghost - - - ly
shrill.
shrill.
shrill.

The Elfin King (Contralto)




mf
chris - ten'd man; For cross or sign thou
fp
mf
wilt not fly, For mut-ter'd word or ban.
ad lib.
Lay on him the
p
curse of the wither'd heart, The curse of the sleep - less eye;
ff
ff
più mosso
Till he wish and
a tempo
p
più mosso
pray that his life would part, Nor


più mosso
yet find leave to die.
p più mosso
Chorus
SOPRANO I
mf
'Tis
SOPRANO II
mf
'Tis
ALTO
mf
'Tis
poco rit.
Tempo I°
merry, 'tis mer-ry, in good green-wood, Though the birds have still'd their
merry, 'tis mer-ry, in good green-wood, Though the birds have still'd their
merry, 'tis mer-ry, in good green-wood, Though the birds have still'd their
Tempo I°
mf


cresc.
sing-ing; The evening blaze doth Al-ice raise, And Richard is fag-ots
bringing.
ff
Up Ur-gan starts, that hid-eous
dwarf, Be-fore Lord Richard stands,
p
And, as he cross'd and


Urgan (Tenor or Soprano) f
I fear not sign That is made with
blood-yhands.
bless'd him - self, quoth the grisly elf, the gris - ly
elf.
But out then spoke she, Al-ice Brand, That woman void of
mf
f
ff


Alice
risoluto
And if there's blood up - on his hand, 'Tis but the blood of deer.
Organ
Now loud thou
fear, void of fear.
fear, void of fear.
fear, void of fear.
p
ff
li - est, thou bold of mood! It cleaves un- to his hand, The
f
fp
stain of thine own kind-ly blood, The blood of Eth - - ert
pp


Brand.
Then for-ward stepp'd she, Al-ice Brand, And made the ho-ly
Then for-ward stepp'd she, Al-ice Brand, And made the ho-ly
Then for-ward stepp'd she, Al-ice Brand, And made the ho-ly
Alice
molto
And if there's blood on Richard's hand, A spotless hand is mine. And I con-
sign:
sign:
sign:
risoluto
ad lib.
jure thee, demon elf, By Him whom de-mons fear, To show us whence thou art thy.


self, And what thine er - rand here.
ff
f
p
p
Chorus
Soprano I
'Tis
Soprano II
'Tis
Alto
'Tis
poco rit.
Tempo come sopra
p
mer-ry, 'tis mer-ry, in Fair - y - land, When fair - y birds are
p
mer-ry, 'tis mer-ry, in Fair - y - land, When fair - y birds are
p
mer-ry, 'tis mer-ry, in Fair - y - land, When fair - y birds are
Tempo come sopra
p


cresc.
sing-ing, When the court doth ride by their mon - arch's side, With
bit and bri - dle ring-ing, with bit and bri - dle
ringing: And
Più mosso
p
gai - ly shines the Fair - y-land, But
And gai - ly shines the
p leggiero


all is glis-t'ning show, Like the i - dle dream that De-cem - ber's beam can
all is glis-t'ning show, Like the i - dle dream that De-cem - ber's beam can
Fair - y-land, But all is glis-t'ning show, Like the i - - dle
dart on ice and snow.
dart on ice and snow.
beam on snow.
pp
And
And
And
l.h.
r.h.
fad - ing, like that var - ied gleam, Is our in-constant shape, Who
fad - ing, like that var - ied gleam, Is our in-constant shape, Who
fad - ing, like that var - ied gleam, Is our in-constant shape, Who
legg.
pp


now like knight and la - dy seem, And now like
now like knight and la - dy seem, And now like
now like knight and la - dy seem, And now like
Ped.
dwarf and ape.
rit.
dwarf and ape.
rit.
dwarf and ape.
rit.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
Andante un poco lento
Urgan
p
It was between the night and the day,
espress.
p


— When the Fair - y King had pow'r,
That I sunk down in a sin - ful fray, And 'twixt
life and death — was snatch'd a - way — To the joy - less Elf - in
bow'r. —
pp
p
8


But wist I of a wo - man bold, Who thrice my
p espress.
brow durst sign, I might re - gain my
pp
ad lib.
mor - tal mould, As fair a form as
rit.
8
thine.
pp
8

Chorus

Moderato




poco a poco cresc.
beneath her hand, he
rose, he rose
He rose
rose, he rose beneath her hand,
be - neath her hand, be - neath her
be - neath her hand, be - neath her
hand,
The fairest knight on Scottish mould,
The fairest knight on Scottish mould, Her brother,
The fairest knight on Scottish mould, Her
ff


Her broth - er, Eth - ert Brand!
her brother, Eth - ert Brand!
brother, her brother, Eth - ert Brand!
8
ffz
Alice
Tempo I°
f
Merry it is in the good greenwood, When the
Merry it is in the good greenwood, When the
Merry it is in the good greenwood, When the
Merry it is in the good greenwood, When the
Tempo I°
ffz
f
ma - vis and merle are sing-ing, When the deer sweeps by, and the
ma - vis and merle are sing-ing, When the deer sweeps by, and the
ma - vis and merle are sing-ing, When the deer sweeps by, and the
ma - vis and merle are sing-ing, When the dee sweeps by, and the
3
3


Richard
hounds are in cry, And the hunter's horn is ring-ing. O
hounds are in cry, And the hunter's horn is ring-ing. And mer - ry 'tis in
hounds are in cry, And the hunter's horn is ring-ing. And mer - ry 'tis in
hounds are in cry, And the hunter's horn is ring-ing. And mer - ry 'tis in
Alice
Now Al-ice has her
Al - ice Brand, My heart is lost for love of
Fair - y - land, When fair - y birds are sing-ing, When the
Fair - y - land, When fair - y birds are sing-ing, When the
Fair - y - land, When fair - y birds are sing-ing, When the


own Rich-ard, And he his Al - ice Brand.
you, For love of Al - ice Brand.
court doth ride, With bit and bri-dle
court doth ride, at their mon-arch's side, With bit and bri-dle
court doth ride, at their mon-arch's side, With bri - dle
ffz
p più mosso
ring - ing, But mer - ri - er were they in Dun-ferm - line gray, When
p più mosso
ring - ing, But mer - ri - er were they in Dun-ferm - line gray, When
p più mosso
ring - ing, But mer - ri - er were they in Dun-ferm - line gray, When
p
più mosso


Alice
Ethert
Richard
p
The bells were ring-ing,
When all the bells were
all the bells were ring-ing, were ring-ing, were
all the bells were ring-ing, were ring-ing, were
all the bells were ring-ing were ring-ing, were
When all the bells were ring-ing,
When all the bells, When all the bells were ring-ing,
ring-ing, And all the bells were ring - - ing,
ring - - ing, were ring - - ing,
ring - - ing, were ring - - ing,
ring - - ing, were ring - - ing,
cresc. e rit.


f a tempo
All the bells were ring - - ing,
f a tempo
All the bells were ring - - ing,
f a tempo
All the bells were ring - - ing,
f a tempo
All the bells were ring - - ing,
f a tempo
All the bells were ring - - ing,
f a tempo
All the bells were ring - - ing,
f a tempo
When all the bells were
ff
All the bells were
ff
All the bells were
ff
All the bells were
cresc.
ff


ring - ing, ring - ing, In Dun-ferm-line
ff
Mer - ri - er were they, mer - ri - er were they, In Dun-ferm-line
ff
Mer - ri - er were they, mer - ri - er were they In Dun-ferm-line
ring - ing, were ring - ing, In Dun-ferm-line
ring - ing, were ring - ing, In Dun-ferm-line
ring - ing, were ring - ing, In Dun-ferm-line
gray, When all the bells were ring - ing.
gray, When all the bells were ring - ing.
gray, When all the bells were ring - ing.
gray, When all the bells were ring - ing.
gray, When all the bells were ring - ing.
gray, When all the bells were ring - ing.

LABORUM DULCE LENIMEN
G. SCHIRMER